

Maelstrom

by Quixotic Misnomers

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POV

Maelstrom

ATTN:

I wrote this a long while ago on a forum.

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Enjoy my drabble :]

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><p>After hearing word that Hiccup and Toothless were lost, Snotlout's father decided that the search party was too big and convinced him to stay behind and work on preparing the village for the harsh winter ahead since he could lift heavier objects than the rest of the young group. You could almost envision the strong and dapper version of him hiding under his young body but as every hour and every minute rolled by, Snotlout became more and more uneasy with himself. He felt useless in the village and desperately needed to find closure of if his friend was alive. Surely he could last a while in the ice with Toothless at his side, but even dragons have their limits as well.<p>

Working mindlessly in the blinding cold weather left him with a lot of time with himself to think. Thinking was bad for Snotlout. It made him think of things he shouldn't, like all the bad outcomes of if they couldn't find Hiccup and Toothless. Sighing softly under his breath, he tried to shake away his dark thoughts but to no avail. Gritting his teeth and slamming down his work hammer, Snotlout decided he had enough time brooding and needed to just find out for himself even if his father wasn't too keen about it. Though what if

it was him out there? He would want all his friends looking for him, so no more excuses.

Casting a glance at the skies, Snotlout decided it was now or never. A heavy storm was blowing in that from the looks of it will test the village to its limits this year. He huffed out a concerned breath sternly as he steeled himself for the long cold and treacherous flight ahead of him. Of course the storm would be headed in the direction of where all his friends were currently sailing at. Sliding down his work ladder that is parallel to the roof he was currently double checking for weak points, he put his tools back together on his work belt as he walked briskly to his own house. As he opened the front door, he headed down the basement stairs a few steps and tossed his work-belt, tools and all, down the stairs to the dark doorway and walked back up to grab his extra heavy cloak to hopefully protect him a little bit better in his journey and quickly put it on as he headed out the door in search of his dragon.

Outside, Snotlout glanced around for Fireworm but didn't see scale or tail of her. His luck she would be gallivanting in the woods at this time. He brought his cold fingers to his lips and whistled loudly for her, hoping she was in earshot today. Fireworm is still working on her listening skills and coming to his whistle. She still gets distracted in her new-found freedom. Today he was in luck though, he could scarcely make out the cracking of underbrush behind him through the piercing wind as he turned around to greet Fireworm. From the looks of it, she was unearthing the dragon nipweed in the fresh fallen snow to roll in like it was still the dead heat of the summer time. What he would kill for blood made of fire itself right about now.

"This is going to be one heck of a ride. Even for you." He said softly to her as he rubbed the scales under her jaw softly. He looked into Fireworms eyes with his hidden fear for the journey ahead and what he might find if his friends are too late. He walked alongside his dragon as they went to approach the edge of the village that was overlooking the sea to use as their jump off point. Stealing one last glance at Berk over his shoulder, Fireworm sensed his growing fear and nuzzled under his elbow softly and purred meekly.

"Lets go" said Snotlout gruffly to himself to half force himself to look away and mount his dragon. He prayed that the Gods would be with him and that Loki was in a forgiving mood to not play any tricks while he was sailing through one wicked looking storm. Sliding into the saddle, Snotlout didn't even care that he forgot his safety harness in this time of dire need for his friend and held a fierce grip onto the leather straps that are between Fireworms pair of horns that acted as steering guides and prepared himself for the storm that would surely hit him on the way to finding his friends. With a short chirp, Fireworm took a running start and glided out into the unforgiving sea.

Not even 3 minutes into the flight and Snotlout runs full speed into the hurricane-like snow storm over the coast. The wind was mighty fierce and threatened to dislodge the dragon-rider who in a hurry forgot his safety gear. Snotlout used all his strength and focus to keep on track and prevent being thrown into the freezing icebox ocean. All that bareback practicing was paying off. The snow was stinging his eyes as Fireworm and himself fought the storm that surely, if it touched the shore, could spell hardship for his beloved

town. He braced himself and set his jaw square as he squinted through the chaos trying to stay on course. It's easy for one to get turned around in a snow maelstrom. He prayed that Thor was on his side today.

Snotlout's heart fluttered in anticipation and fear of the unknown with every hard gust of wind that battered his dragon. His breaths came in harsh pants as he squinted through the cold that was slowly trying to turn him to stone. The fierce wind blew snow hard enough to feel like daggers across his exposed skin. His face was bathed in spurts of cold and hot as Fireworm expelled heated snorts through her nose that came out in large clouds of steam that became more labored as the flight continued. He was starting to second guess his choice in flight pattern.

This maelstrom was unforgiving and relentless. It seemed like he was engulfed in the storm for what felt like days. This was one magilla of a storm that just seemed to spiral wider and wider as it fed off the turbulent seas below. Snotlout could barely tell which was up, let alone the right direction anymore. All he could do was head straight and hope for the best, giving hope into the directional instincts of his dragon beneath him. He could feel Fireworm struggle with the wind and heavy layers of ice that were building up on her wings despite her hot temper filled veins.

"Hang in there, girl." Snotlout whispered mostly to himself like a prayer of hope to make out of this alive and mostly in one piece preferably. He tightened his frozen hands on the leather straps like a lifeline. He angled Fireworm and started to veer off in one direction in hope to make it to land so he wouldn't have to die in the bone-chilling water to never be found again. He didn't care where he landed, as long as it was land. He could barely think anymore, he was cold through and through. He was out of luck though, he could see the unforgiving water approach quickly as his dragon glided towards it in an eerie silence of foreboding. He was jarred from his senses when they made contact and practically skidded across the waves and then lost connection with them as the cold numbing effects of the frigid water surrounded him. He used all his energy to thrash back to the surface with all his might but felt in horror as he slowly lost momentum and speed as the coldness enclosed him.

The blackness almost completely surrounded him when suddenly he broke the surface, coughing half the ocean out of his lungs. He gasped and slowly regained knowledge of what was going on. He could barely see as he fought the cold and the tiredness that was threatening to overwhelm him, but he could feel the dull warmth radiating through the skin of his dragon. The rough texture was welcoming as he glanced around to see the long decorative spines of her back over the waves as he clung onto her shoulder. He could feel her fight desperately for their lives in the cold water. He was about to lose hope and accept his watery grave when he felt her touch ground and collapse onto the shore of an unknown place. Using the last of his strength, he crawled out of the wake and next to his heroic dragon and slid his hand across her jaw.

"Good girl" he huffed out tiredly with as large of a smile as he could muster before succumbing to the darkness.

End
file.